

The Saturday Evening Post.

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CONDITIONS.

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Subscribers will have the privilege to insert an advertisement, throughout the year, to the extent of half a square, at two dollars additional, with an allowance for alterations. Non-subscribers pay the usual prices. A wish to discontinue the paper must be made known before the expiration of the time subscribed for, or the engagement will be considered good for another six months.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LINES.

Thy summer sun has set,
And darkness on thee looms;
With silent fond regret
Thy mourn those sunny hours,
When joy before thee springing,
Brought pleasures ever new,
And time was daily bringing
Thy fairer teints to view.

The day of glory's past,
Thy splendour all is o'er,
And life now fleeting fast,
Shall see thee great no more:
Thy fame's remotest story
May oft record thy name,
Naught now of present glory
Shall e'er win wreaths of fame.

Thy heart's best hope resign'd,
O'er what canst thou grieve?
The glorious pearl of mind
Once own'd so fair by you;
Aspiring shall ne'er revive
The wither'd leaves that fall,
So vainly may you strive
To beautify to recall!

Thine eye that once so bright
Beam'd with a spark divine,
The diamond's richest light
A rival found in thine;
Now dimm'd with clouding care,
Is heavenly spark hath fled,
And looks of dear despair
In all its beams are shed.

Lo! passion's wasteful way
Has left thee but to feel,
Now reason's latent ray
In vain may o'er thee steal,
The shorten'd hours that late
May to thy life allow,
Shall tell thee that too late
Is reformation now.

The world is not for thee,
'Tis all in vain you roam
A happier spot to see
Than now thy present home;
Existence wasted plain
Extended round thee lies,
And all thy hopes are vain,
Save those that reach the skies.

The busy scene of life
Will soon upon thee close,
And soon will worldly strife
Be charged to death's repose;
As laden as thou art,
Thy only hope is given
To cheer the wounded heart,
The blissful hopes of heaven!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE BROWN MUG OF CIDER.

Philadelphia may boast of her Porter and Ale,
Thy like pure amber, the other so pale;
She may claim the rich virtues of heart-warming
Beer,
And of peach brandy, the Irishman's cheer—
Drook'd by custom, I'll choose for myself
The brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf:
The neat mug of cider,
The brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf.

The praises of Bacchus his votaries may sing,
For the jolly old drinker their sacrifice bring,
With bays let them crown the blithe god of the vine,
While they bow at his altar, I'll worship at mine;
For dear to this palate, ay, dearer than pill,
Is the brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf:
The neat mug of cider,
The brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf.

The Yankees may tell of their switchell and rum,
And belch'd-up ton, they may count in the sum;
And rum, one may swallow, and after be dry—
Zig may suit some odd mortals, but not so myself,
To the brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf:
The neat mug of cider,
The brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf.

The neat mug of cider,
The brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf.
Then here's to old orchard, the drink of my sires,
The liquor that mirth and good feeling inspires:
While the farm-house is thrift and the walls are of stone,
And the granary is filled, shall this nectar be known:
To the woman's panacea, who cares not for pelf,
While the brown mug of cider is seen on the shelf:
The neat mug of cider,
The brown mug of cider that stands on the shelf.

NEWARK.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I love the man within whose breast
Contentment's even currents flow,
Who calmly thinks his little best,
And numbers on the bed of woe.
I love the man whose tutor'd will
Blazes when the cup of woe is given,
Who sees, display'd in every ill,
The overbearing woe of heaven.
Who, when his life has vet'ran form
And disappointment's shattering blast,
Can stand unmoved by the storm,
And meekly smile upon the past. C. H.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO —
I met I endure this piercing smart,
A cold that doth breathe one single sigh,
Remember, Mary, though we part,
I'll come to thee in always night!
C. H.

BENEVOLENCE.

Happy is the man who is free from envy, who wishes and rejoices in his neighbour's prosperity, being contented with his own condition, and delighted at the good fortune of those around him: his sympathetic breast beats in unison with the sufferer, and from his little store bestows a generous mite to the children of poverty. Enjoyment attends him through the various walks of life, and misfortune rests lightly on his head—the morsel which he eats is sweet and nourishing—the water which he drinks is cool and refreshing—and the straw which supports his weary limbs, soothes him in soft forgetfulness. When he visits his neighbours in trouble, such benignity appears in his countenance, that the eye of sorrow wears a smile and the distressed breast ceases to heave a sigh. Like a minister of peace, he is received among them, and his words prove the oil of consolation. Surely he, above the rest of his fellow mortals, partakes of heaven here below, and a bliss which none but the virtuous ever claim.

grandeur, yet suited in its unpretending and venerable solemnity the character of that lonely and lovely place. He descended into the vale, and happy, he knew not why, walked along the widening stream, till he found himself in a lawn, and close by the Mansion which he had discerned from the hill above, but which had till now been concealed by a grove. At this moment, just as he was about to turn back, two Ladies stood close beside him, and with a slight embarrassment the stranger explained to them how unconsciously he had been led to intrude upon their privacy, and after that salutation, was about to retire. But the impression which elegant and cultivated minds make on each other in a moment, when unexpectedly brought together in a situation calculated to show something of their character, now prevented so sudden a parting, and they who had thus casually met, having entered into conversation, began in a few minutes to feel almost like friends. The stranger, who had been led into this vale by a sort of romantic impulse, could not help feeling as if this meeting were almost an adventure. And it was no doubt an impressive thing to a young Englishman wandering among the Highland mountains, to form an acquaintance in this way with two such persons as those with whom he was now engaged in pleasant conversation. They seemed to be Mother and Daughter;—and when, after about half an hour's walk, the stranger found himself in a spacious and elegant room, the guest of a high-bred and graceful Lady in a widow's weeds, and, apparently with one beautiful daughter in her retirement, he could scarcely help thinking that the vague imagination which had led him thither under the Rainbow's arch, might have some influence even on the complexion of his future life. He had long been a melancholy man; and minds of that character are often the most apt to give way to sudden emotions of gladness. He closed up all remembrance of one fatal incident in his life under a heap of fresh-springing and happy thoughts and feelings; and animated by the novelty of his situation, as well as by the interesting character of those whose hospitality he was now sharing, never had he felt so free from anxiety and sorrow, and so like his former self, nor so capable of the enjoyment of life and every thing around him that was beautiful and enlivening. As the evening drew on, his heart was sad to think that, as he had come a stranger, so like a stranger must he be departing; but these few hours had sunk into his heart, and he would remember them as long as he lived, and in the remotest parts of the earth.

RECLUSE.

From the Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.

THE RAINBOW.

A solitary pedestrian was roaming over the glens and mountains in a wild district of the Northern Highlands of Scotland, when a Rainbow began to form itself over part of the magnificent landscape. He was, not without reason, a melancholy and grief-haunted man; and the growing beauty of that apparition insensibly touched his heart with a delightful happiness to which he had for a considerable time been a stranger. As the varied brightness of the arch which as yet was scarcely united, but showed only several glowing fragments, gradually became more vivid, his whole being felt a sympathetic exaltation—despondency and sorrow faded away, and he once more exulted in the natural freedom of the prime of life. While he was gazing, the Rainbow became perfect, and bound the earth and heaven together in a span of joy. The glory illuminated two mountains, and the glen between them opening up beneath that effulgence, appeared to be a majestic entrance into another and more magnificent world. The sides of these two mountains, rent with chasms and tumbling torrents, were steeped in the beautiful stains of the arch, so that the rocks seemed clothed with purple, and the waterfalls to roll down in gold. As the Rainbow began to dissolve, the summit of the arch gave way, and the gorgeous colours, forsaking the sky, embodied themselves in a mass of splendour on each side of that wide glen. For a few moments the edge of each mountain was veiled and hidden in that radiance; but it gradually melted away into colourless air, the atmosphere was again open, and a few showery clouds seen hanging opposite the sun, were all that remained to tell of the vanished Rainbow. But all the green fields and all the woods were glittering in freshened beauty—the birds were singing—the cattle lowing on the hills—and the raven and the kite were aloft in heaven. There was a jubilee—and the lonely man who had been sitting on a rock, entranced in that vision, rose up and inwardly said, "Let my way lie up that glen, whose glorious portal has vanished—let me walk beneath what was like a triumphal arch but a moment ago, into the solitary magnificence of nature."

The Eremitic pursued his way up the wooded banks of a stony torrent, and on reaching the summit of the cliffs, saw before him a long expanse of dark sullen moor—which he crossed—and a beautiful vale suddenly expanded before his feet, with cultivated fields, woods, and groves, and among many huts sprinkled about like rocks, one Mansion to which they all seemed to appertain, and which, without any

dies, farewell! and his eyes, dim with emotion, at that moment met those of that beautiful maiden, turned upon him with a heavenly expression of pity, and at last even stained with irrepressible tears. A black scowl was in the heavens, and darkened the green mount on which they stood; a long dreary sigh of wind came rustling down the vale, and there was a low muttering of distant thunder. "This will be a night of storms," said the Lady, looking kindly towards the stranger. "It is not Highland hospitality to let a guest depart at dark, and in a tempest—you must return with us to our house;" and a huge thunderous cloud, that overshadowed half the vale, was an argument not to be resisted;—so the party returned together; and just as they reached the house, the long loud rattle was heard along the hills, and the river, swollen on a sudden by the deluging rain, roared along the swinging woods, till the whole valley was in a tumult. It was a true Highland night; and the old house rocked like a ship at sea.

But the walls of the Mansion (which had once been a castle) were thick and massy, and the evening passed happily along within, while the thunder and the winds, and the torrents, and the blasts, were all raging without in one united and most dismal howl. These Ladies had not passed all their lives in a Highland glen, and they conversed with their guest about foreign countries which they had all visited. The harp was touched, and the wild Gaelic airs sounded still more wildly among the fitful pauses of the storm. She who played and sung was no sorceress inhabiting an enchanted castle; but she was a young, graceful, and beautiful girl of nineteen, innocent as beautiful, and therefore a more powerful sorceress than any that ever wound the invisible lines of her spell round a Knight of Romance. At the conclusion of one air, a Cheftain's Lament, the mother heaved a deep sigh; and in the silence that ensued, the artless girl said to the stranger, who was standing beside her entrance by the wailing strain, "My poor dead brother used to love that air,—I ought not to have sung it." But that mood passed away; and before retiring to rest, the stranger said, "Your wandering guest's name is Ashton." "We are Stuart's," was the reply; and in an hour the house was buried in sleep.

The stranger alone was wakeful. Not for several years had he been so happy as during this day and evening; and the image of that lovely girl beside her harp, sweetly singing, while the wild night was roaring in the glen, could not leave his thoughts. Even when, towards morning, he fell asleep, she was in his dreams; and then it seemed as if they had been long friends—as if they were betrothed—and had fixed their marriage day. From these visions he awoke, and heard the sound of the mountain torrent roaring itself to rest, and the trees swinging less fiercely in the weakened blast. He then recollected where he was—his real condition returned upon him—and that sweet maiden was then to him only a phantom once seen, and to smile upon him no more. He rose at sunrise, and from the window, contemplated the gradual dying away of the storm—the subsiding of the torrent that became visibly less and less every minute—the calm that slowly settled on the woods—the white mists rolled up the mountain's side—till, at last, a beautiful, calm, serene, and sunny day took possession of the sky, and Glen-Ceran lay below, in smiling and joyful beauty, a wild paradise, where the world might be forgotten, and human life pass away like a dream.

It was the Sabbath-day, and Glen-Ceran, that, a few hours ago, had been as loud as the sea, was now not only hushed in the breathing repose of nature, but all rural labour was at rest; and it might almost have been said, that the motionless clouds, the deep blue vault, the fragrant air, and the still earth, were all united together in one sweet spirit of devotion. No shepherd shouted on the mountain—no reapers were in the half-sown fields,—and the fisherman's net was hung up to dry in the sunshine. When the party met again in the parlour whose wide window opening down to the floor let in the pure fragrance of the roses and honey-suckle, and made the room a portion, as it were, of the rich wooded scenery, there was blended with the warmth and kindness of the morning salutation, a solemn expression belonging to the hallowed day, and to the religious state of feeling which it inspired. The subdued and almost melancholy air of the matron was now more touching and impressive, as she was dressed in darker widow's weeds for the house of God; and the sweet countenance of Mary Stuart, which, the night before, had beamed with almost a wild gladness, was now breathed over by a pensive piety, so truly beautiful at all times on a woman's features. The Kirk was some miles distant; but they were prepared to walk to it; and Edward Ashton, without speaking on the subject at all, accompanied them on their way to Divine service.

To an Englishman, who had never before seen a Highland Sabbath, the scene was most delightful, as the opening of every little glen brought upon him some new interesting groups, journeying tranquilly towards Appin Kirk. Families were coming down together into the wider strath, from their green nests among the solitude; and friendly greetings were in-

terchanging on all sides, in that wild tongue which, to his ear, seemed so well suited to a land of mountains. The many-coloured Highland tartan mixed with the pure white of dresses from the Lowlands; and that mingling of different costumes in the same group gave intimation of the friendly intercourse now subsisting constantly between the dwellers of hill and of plain. No haughty equipages came sweeping by. Almost all the assembling congregation were on foot—here and there an old man on a rough mountain pony—there perhaps man and wife on a stronger steed—and there a cart with an invalid, or the weak or aged, with a due accompaniment of children. The distinction of ranks was still visible, but it was softened down by one pervading spirit of humble Christianity. So trooped they along to the House of God—the clear tinkling of the bell was heard—the seats were filled—and the whole vale echoed to the voice of psalms. Divine grace was, at this time, performed in the English language, and the Kirk was decently silent in sincere and unostentatious devotion.

During service the Englishman chanced to fix his eyes on a small monumental slab in the wall above the seat, and he read these words—SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES STUART, LATE CAPTAIN IN THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT, WHO DIED AT VIENNA, THIRD AUGUST, 17—. A mortal sickness instantly struck his heart, and in that agony, which was indeed almost a swoon of the soul, he wished that he were dead, to be buried in solitude many thousand miles away from the place where he now was. He fixed his eyes upon the countenances—first of the mother—and then of her daughter, and a resemblance which he had not discovered before, now grew upon him stronger and stronger, to one in his grave, and whom he once would have sacrificed his own life to reanimate. He was sitting in the House of God with the mother and the sister of the man whose blood he had shed! The place—the name—the day of the month—left no possibility of doubt. And now many other corroborative circumstances came upon him in that ghastly fit. He remembered the daughter saying after that lament song to the harp, "I ought not to have sung it; for my poor dead brother used to delight in that air." The murderer of that poor dead brother had come wandering to a solitary mansion among the mountains, impelled by some evil spirit, and was now sitting below his monument along with her who had given him birth. But every one was intent upon the service of God—and his white face, white as a sheet, was observed by none. By degrees he felt the blood circulating again from his stricken heart, he began to breathe more freely, and had just strength to stand up when the congregation rose to prayer. He saw glimmering and unsteady beside him the meek placid countenances of the widow and her daughter, and turned away his eyes from them, to fix them again on that inscription to which they were drawn by a hideous spell. He heard not the closing benediction—but was relieved in some degree by the fresh air that whispered through the trees, as he found himself walking by the side of his almost unseen companions through the churchyard. "I fear, sir, you are ill," said Mary Stuart in a sweet and hurried tone of voice—and no other answer was given but a long deep groan, that sounded as if it rose up in pangs from the bottom of a broken heart.

They walked along together in sorrow, fear, and astonishment, at this sudden change in the looks of their new friend, whose eyes, when they ventured to look towards either of them, were wild and ghastly, and every glance accompanied with a deeper and bitterer sigh. "For the love of God—let us, if possible, retire from the crowd—and lead me to some retired place, that I may utter a few words, and then hide myself for ever from your face."

They walked along a footpath that winded through a coppice wood, and crossing a plank over a rivulet, in a few moments they were in a little glen, as lonely as if it had been far among the mountains. "No houses are in this direction," said the mother somewhat agitated and alarmed, she knew not why—and they sat down together on a seat that had been set out of the turf by the hands of some shepherd, or school-boy, in his hours of play. "Mary, bring some water from that pool—Mr. Ashton looks as if about to faint. My dear sir, are you better now?" and the beautiful girl bathed his forehead with the cold limpid water, till he felt the sickness depart, and his soul revive.

He rose up from the seat, and looking steadily on their countenance, and then fitting his eyes to Heaven, he sunk down on his knees before them—and said, "My name is now Ashton, but it was not always so—hateful, horrible, and accursed, must that other name be to your ears—the name of Edward Stuart!"

(To be continued.)

DR. WATTS.—It was so natural to Dr. Watts, when a child to speak in rhyme, that even at the very time he wished to avoid it he could not. His father was displeased at this propensity, and threatened to whip him if he did not leave off making verses. One day he was about to put his threats into execution, the child burst out into tears, and on his knees, said, "Pray, father, do some pity take, And I will no more verses make!"

We have finished reading a small volume of Poetry just published by Mr. W. B. T. T. and we will not deny ourselves the pleasure to recommend it to public notice. Of this gentleman we know nothing but what we learn from his poems, yet we feel an interest in him. There is a gentleness of manner, a goodness of heart, a mildness and gratefulness of disposition in his writings which cannot lead us astray as to the author. There breathes through his poetry a strong feeling of Patriotism, a love of liberty and a piety of soul which would mantle the cheek of virgin innocence or cast down the eye of modesty. We feel persuaded this little volume would have been more noticed and more praised if it were better known. We shall occasionally submit some extracts in the hope they may win their way to public approbation, conscious however, that the book would be better understood and more justly appreciated if it were in possession of the reader. The price is a very trifling; the volume is well worth what it costs; yet it is not so much on these accounts as on others, that we wish it to have general circulation. If it be bought up, the kind and gentle heart of its author will be gladdened, and we are persuaded all who read his works will rejoice to gladden his heart.

COLOMBIAN REPUBLIC.

The important intelligence given below, was received in a letter by the brig Zeno, Slade, arriving at this port: "CORRADO, 13th August, 1822. "This day, arrived a Dutch ship, from Laguna, in 24 hours bringing the following glorious news: General Morales, with 2000 men, marched on the 24th from Porto Cabello, against Valencia and Caracas. They were met on the height of Borjome by General Paz, and 750 men—an engagement ensued. Morales and his troops were completely routed, and only ninety men escaped alive. On the 25th inst. a party of Royal Spaniards, (400 men) landed by sea at Cumana, where they were met by a party of Republican troops, (350), a severe action took place, which lasted with spirit on both sides for two hours—when the Royalists, after losing 200 men, were compelled to surrender to the victorious arms of Colombia. So much for Liberty and Independence. Viva la Republic!" Accounts from Curacao received at New-York, tend to later than the above, mentions that Morales died of the wounds which he received in the action on the day following his defeat.

Real Combat.—Captain Bourne of the brig Hippomenes, arrived at New-York in 16 days from Curacao, states that a brother-in-law of Dr. Quackenboss, of N. York, armed at Curacao on the 22d ult. in a schooner from St. Thomas, which place he left the 15th of August, under convoy of the U. S. schooner Grampus. This gentleman informed, that the same evening he sailed from St. Thomas, the Grampus was fired several hours by the privateer Panchetta, of Porto Rico—that in the morning the Grampus gave chase to the privateer, then under English colors, afterwards changed to Spanish. After being hailed, and informed of the character of the Grampus, the privateer fired a broadside into her. The Grampus then steered alongside, and put full broadside into the privateer, when she immediately surrendered, was boarded, and found in a sinking condition, with 11 men killed and wounded. The Grampus then towed her into St. Thomas the same night. The Panchetta mounted 8 twelve pounders, and a long gun, and had 92 men.

The way mail between New-York and Philadelphia, was stolen from behind the coach on the night of the 9th inst. and even letter in the portmanteau broken open. The fragments of letters were found in a field about a mile from Princeton, N. J. and were sent to the Postmaster of Philadelphia. They have been carefully collected and transmitted to their original places of destination as far as they could be ascertained. Nothing of value has escaped the hands of the robber, except two promissory notes amounting to nearly 1400 dollars.

A most horrid transaction took place at the hotel in Boston on the night of Friday, the 11th inst. about 12 o'clock. It appears that Newman Trask, Francis Dargen and another man, all confined in one apartment at Newman's bed, where he was confined, and without giving him the least notice of his intention, with a sharp instrument, who was in another part of the apartment, and coming to Newman's assistance was met by Trask, who stabbed him in the breast in several places, and he probably have inhumanly butchered him, had not their cries brought the landlord to their assistance. They are both considered dangerously wounded. Trask is the person who was concerned with Newman at the State Prison riot in October last, and was acquitted on the ground of insanity. Newman and Dargen are confined in the State Prison. Trask refuses to answer questions put to him respecting the murder, but he has the instrument used by him in the murder, and is now chained to the wall of his apartment.

EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

When the census was taken in Spain, says the Monthly Magazine, in 1787, the number of persons of that country, confirmed in superstitions, was estimated at 32,000. In the single city of Cordova, there were, in 1805, no less than twenty superstitions. The new Constitution and laws of the country, have suppressed these worse than useless customs, and the proceeds have been appropriated to the public service.

U. S. Frigate Constitution.

From our own source on board the U. S. Frigate Constitution, which sailed from New-York, August 1, gives the following account of the cruise of that vessel from Messina, via Smyrna:

The Constitution sailed from Messina on the 10th of July, for Smyrna, the Corvette Ontario, and the schooner Nonsuch, in company—these three commenced the Archipelago on the 16th, and arrived at Milo on the 17th. Here they took a Greek pilot to carry them to Smyrna. In the night they perceived at some distance a pretty large fire, and in about thirty minutes, they heard a great explosion. Next day (18th) they met an Austrian brig, sent her a boat, and at her return they were informed that the captain of the brig had been stopped by the Turkish fleet, composed of from thirty to forty ships, and then in view, of which ten or twelve were battle ships, or frigates, by whom the captain of the brig had been badly treated, and wounded in several places with daggers. On this information, our commodore, Captain Jones, turned the ships, and followed the brig, which having continued her way was already at some distance. Our squadron soon reached her, and having again sent a boat on board, brought her captain, who repeated to our Commodore the bad treatment he had received from the Turks. He also related, that the preceding evening a party of the Greeks had taken two fire ships, full of combustibles, with which they had aimed at setting fire to the two admirals ships of the Turkish fleet; and that only one of them had succeeded; that this had been so well executed, that in a few minutes the ship, being that of the Captain Pacha, was in a blaze, and had been blown up; and that was the explosion which was heard the preceding night. It was an 80 gun ship with a crew of 2000 men, of which about 300 were saved, the rest having been blown to atoms with the ship. The Captain, who gave this information, was then carried on board his brig. Shortly previous, the boats of our squadron picked up several fragments of the vessel, and among other things, a beautiful bed quilt, which was supposed had belonged to the Captain Pacha, and which our Commodore, apprehending it might communicate the plague, ordered to be thrown overboard. It was picked up again by the Nonsuch. The Ontario picked up a trunk of clothes. From want of wind, our squadron remained several days in sight of the Turkish fleet, and on the 21st inst. the next day (13th) a schooner, which was the main-mast, yards, spars, pieces of the hull, and several dead bodies, were discovered. This happened at the Island of Scio, where the Turks had massacred the population, without distinction of age or sex; and had burnt the villages and every thing they could find. This Island appeared extremely well cultivated. Every evening smoke and flame were perceived, which arose from the inhabitants who had saved themselves on the mountains, (for that island is full of them) fighting fires as signals for succor from the Greeks who were in possession of the other Islands of Mytilene, in view of them. The 20th and 21st, our fleet remained in view of the Turkish squadron, between the Islands of Ispira and Scio. The first of these Islands is where a part of the Greek fleet is stationed; but the vessels were few and very small in comparison with those of the Turks; although these last seemed very much afraid, the Greeks being better sailors and commanders. On the 22d our squadron spoke another Austrian merchant ship. She was from Leghorn 22 days, and had spoken nothing on her passage. On the 24th, the squadron arrived at Smyrna, and anchored at the Mole, where it remained only 24 hours. Next day sailed—arrived at Milo on the 25th; discharged the Grecian pilot; and on the 2d of July proceeded for Malta. Remained there about four days, to take in water, and then sailed for Gibraltar, where the squadron arrived on the 1st of August.

A CURIOUS SPECTACLE.

The exhibition of Mr. Neal's Rattle Snake, at the Eagle, is too great a natural curiosity to be passed over. It is one of the most singular sights we have ever witnessed.

Mr. Neal is a Frenchman; while in North Carolina he attempted to procure some Rattle Snakes, for the purpose of making out a collection. But some of the observations and experiments he made, induced him to believe the possibility of taming this poisonous reptile; he finally made the trial, and succeeded in a manner which is calculated to astonish every beholder. What is the process he has employed is unknown to us; he probably availed himself of the power, which a controul over the appetite of the animal gives him; he dwells very much on the charms of music; while inflamed by hunger, and irritated by the application of hot iron, the creature is soothed and softened by a plaintive strain. Mr. N. has two Rattle Snakes, the male, which is 4 feet 8 inches long, has eight rattles to his tail, thus proving him to be 9 years old; he has had this snake four years. The female is much smaller and has 7 rattles; she has been with him thirty-five months. So great is their docility, that he will take them up, after speaking a sort of jargon to them and stroking them down their backs, as if they were so many strings; he will make them crawl up his breast and face; he will make them coil around his neck, and while one of them is thus hanging around him, he will take up and exhibit the others. The perfect harmlessness of the reptile, and even attachment to his keeper, is astonishing. Meanwhile Mr. N. is himself thoroughly at ease; completely self-possessed, diverting the spectators with the exhibition of his snakes, or instructing them by his explanation. He says, he has no fears himself, for, independently of his command over the animal, he is satisfied he can cure the bite of it, of which remedy he makes no secret. Wash your mouth first with warm sweet oil, and then suck the wound; next, drink most copiously of the decoction of the snake-root, until it operates as a strong emetic. This is the regimen he recommends, and which he believes to be infallible. There is no deception practised upon you. He opens the mouth of the snake, and shows you his fangs. They are in the upper jaw alone; two on each side, and have the faculty of renewing themselves in case they are drawn out by a violent blow; the fang is within the mouth, bent, sharpened and sheathed like the claw of a cat, and turned towards the throat; the orifice through which the poison is ejected is a small groove on the upper side of the fang, between its point and the upper curve; the poison bags lie at the roots of the fangs. But to remove all doubts of the poisonous qualities of these snakes being uninjured, Mr. N. proposes to have a public exhibition this week, when the snake will kill a young hare by a slight stroke, and then immediately devour him.

Perhaps no one has so good an opportunity of studying the habits of the animal. His remarks will of course form a valuable addition to natural history. He is an intelligent man; and a memoir may be expected from him when he arrives in Europe. The male snake has just cast his skin; and the new one is most beautiful. The tail has a fine glossy black. He says, they renew their skins every two months; three times in the year, perches from October to April, they remain torpid, and this function is suspended. Most probably, it varies in different snakes with the quantity of food they can obtain. Mr. N. generally feeds his once a week. They have also a rattle every year after the first. They scarcely ever shake it but when they are strongly excited, or to strike the attention of their prey. He contends that the use of their rattles is to draw upon themselves the eyes of their victim, which generally consists of the fittest animals, as birds, squirrels, &c. As soon as the eyes meet, he says the process of charming commences. He believes in this faculty, for he has seen it exemplified in a garden by his own snakes, the victim will hop

Some hours to lounge, and then speak to me, even come with apprehensions, and approaching each other, the snake craves him. He denies altogether what some naturalists assert, the deleterious qualities of their breath; for he has often kissed them, and in blowing their breath upon him, he has found it uncommonly sweet. Mr. N. has other snakes in his collection—a wampum snake, beautifully streaked, and so called after the Indian ornament; it is a small species of the Boa Constrictor, which winds itself round its prey, and kills not by poison, but by stricture—it even squeezes the rattle snake to death. He has also the common black snake—and the lead colored American Adder, of the description of the flat heads.—He has all these under the same command—exhibiting almost the same docility as the rattle snakes. The spectacle is not dangerous nor even disgusting—and is well worthy the attention of the curious.—Richmond Enquirer.

SLAVE TRADE.

From the Gold Coast Gazette, May 21. We have the high gratification of announcing the return to this anchorage of H. M. frigate Iphigenia, Com. R. Meade, from a brilliant and successful cruise to the river Bonny, having captured six slave vessels, with no less than 1656 slaves on board. The captured vessels have been sent to Sierra Leone for adjudication. We understand from the best authority that the boats of the Iphigenia and Myrmidon, under the command of Lieut. Midway, met with great resistance; the slave vessels were so moored across the river that the English colors were displayed in the boats, the brutal and piratical slave dealers opened a fire upon them, which they incessantly kept up, till vanquished by the intrepidity and bravery of our tars. The Iphigenia and Myrmidon had each one man killed, and several severely wounded, the loss on the part of the iniquitous slave dealers was very great—a many of them leapt overboard and were instantly devoured by the sharks. We regret to say, that a few of the slaves, during the action, were severely wounded, and a poor female, who bore the name of Mary, and another right arm. The Iphigenia and Myrmidon will fall in with the ship H. M. frigate Porpoise, which is now in the harbor, and will sail on the 21st inst. The population of the river Bonny, which is a large slave port, is estimated at 142 slaves. A few days ago a Portuguese slave vessel was seen at anchor off Gambia. We have just heard of another Portuguese slave vessel at anchor off Comella. [The Iphigenia has since arrived in the West Indies, on her way to England.]

Harriburg, (Penn.) Sept. 10. A plan of the new State Penitentiary now erecting at Philadelphia, has been deposited in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, and approved by Governor Heston.—The plan is somewhat novel. It consists of seven buildings, constructed on the radiating principle, each containing thirty-four cells, with a large edifice in the centre, to which they are united by covered ways. It is in this central building that the victuals, &c. of the convicts are to be prepared, and here also, one or more sentinels are to be placed. Every cell has its own yard, where the prisoners can be admitted to the light of the sun only at the pleasure of the keeper. The buildings, yards, gardens and grounds, embracing an area of twelve acres, are to be surrounded by a wall sixty feet in height, and fronted by apartments for the keepers and other officers of the institution. The plan or design of this extensive and important public work, was furnished by John Haviland, Esq. architect, and differs from the Pittsburgh plan, designed by William Strickland, Esq. architect. Both establishments are founded on the principle of improving the system of solitary labor, and will, we trust, afford ample opportunity for making a fair experiment of this philanthropic theory.

Revenue of the State.—We are informed, that the receipts at the Treasury, for the last nine months, exceed \$340,000, and that, it is expected, a further sum of \$60,000, will be paid in on the same account during the remainder of the financial year, making a difference in favor of this year's revenue, compared with that of the preceding year, of upwards of \$80,000.

Fines of Delinquent Militiamen.—It appears from official documents, that fines to the amount of \$94,974, were assessed upon citizens of this Commonwealth, for non-compliance with military requisitions, during the late war. Of this sum about \$50,000 have been remitted, and \$150,000 been collected by marshals, their deputies and agents, not one cent of which has been paid over by them, or reached the Public Treasury.

Much excitement has been produced in Charleston by an act of the City Council,

in voting the sum of 3500 dollars as the salary of the Intendant, which heretofore has been an office of honour only. Several respectable citizens have offered to take the office without salary.

DRAMATIC SUMMARY.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—There has been no entertainment for a number of years, so gratifying to the citizens of Philadelphia, as that which takes place at the Circus in Walnut street. Since the commencement of the Equestrian performances the house has been crowded every evening. If we may judge from the spirit and promptitude which discovers itself in all the performers, to indulge the audience in the display of unrivalled talent, they possess every characteristic requisite to give full effect to the grand spectacles which are to be brought forward during the season. BALLET.—We understand that the theatre will be opened in this city on the 20th inst.—that considerable novelty is in preparation, and that an acquisition of new performers to the company is expected. A plan for the establishment of a Winter Theatre is maturing, the object of which is to form an attractive genteel resort, and to dispel the death in public amusements which has hitherto appertained to that period of the year. WASHINGTON CITY.—Mr. Cooper terminated his engagement here on Thursday evening, in the character of Virginia, the Liberator of Rome, which with the comic opera of the Highland Reel, was represented for his benefit.

NEW-YORK.—The Circus having been fitted up as a minor theatre, was opened on Monday evening last, by the Park Company, to a very respectable house. The interior has been fitted up in a neat manner. The ring has been converted into a pit, with benches, the stage lengthened, and a spacious orchestra built. The whole has a handsome appearance, and is well lighted up. BOSTON.—The benefit of Mr. Nichols, formerly of the Philadelphia theatre, took place on Monday last, which was specified as the last night but four of the season. On this evening, the manager, Mr. Duff, informed the audience, that the contemplated engagement of Mr. H. Wallack was put off in consequence of the indisposition of Mrs. Wallack. A letter from Richmond mentions that Signor Brusa, of the Theatre, is dead.—Mr. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Horton, Mr. Moreland, and Mr. Kircher, also of the Theatre, are all sick of bilious fever. All the above were taken sick on their passage from Richmond to Lynchburg. A building occupied by the Theatrical Society, of Edenton, Geo. for Theatrical exhibitions, has been recently consumed by fire.

SECRET. BY MR. WORDSWORTH. On the late Yellow Fever, in London. I stood as in a city of the dead, Where crowded haunts a desert had become; Hollow rang along the walks my tread, Save that sad sound, the silent mart was dumb. Here had the throng of busy merchants been, Of money-changers, lawyers, the great stream; Why had they vanished from the olden scene? Here were great taverns, whence the constant steam Of headstrong liquor used to float of yore, But noise, and oaths, and voices, were no more. It was not like the Sabbath—for no bell Did with its solemn echoes call to prayer. What thought I then? that to crawl off I were well— Or I should catch the yellow fever there.

Tonks in Paris.—Some youths of Paris, who were arraigned for riotous and seditious proceedings on the 3d of June, on their acquittal gave a public dinner to their counsel. Among the toasts drank on the occasion were the following.—The free defence of the accused, especially in the case of political offences.—May the Americans prove to the world, by the virtues of their citizens, that God particularly blesses governments founded on the rights of the people.

An uncommon number of children have died this season at St. Johns, N. B. and it was thought a malignant fever had been imported in one of the passenger vessels from Ireland.

MARRIED.

At Burlington, N. J. on the 31 inst. by the Rev. Mr. Welch, the Rev. AARON PUTNAM, of Springfield, N. York, to Miss MARY ELIZABETH HODGSON, of Philadelphia. At Lancaster, (Pa.) on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Henry Boehm, MITCHELL DENNIS, of Philadelphia, to Miss SIDNEY, daughter of Richard Gray, of that city. On the 1st ult. at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, by the Rev. Martin Ruter, GEORGE H. DUNN, Esq. to Miss MARY GIBSON, formerly of this city. At Frankford, on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Daniel D. Davis, Mr. OTIS LITTLE, to Miss ELIZABETH JERMIN, both of this city. On Monday, the 2d inst. by E. Ferguson, Esq. WILLIAM GORE, to ANN SMITH, all of Philadelphia county. On the 3d inst. by E. Ferguson, Esq. Mr. JOHN HUNT to Miss MARIA BRANDT, both of Kingessing township. On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Mayer, Mr. D. VID HILL, Merchant, to Miss MARY FRIES, all of this city. On Wednesday, the 4th inst. Mr. HENRY T. WELLS, to Miss MATILDA, daughter of T. Marks, all of this city.

DIED.

Yesterday morning, Mr. JOHN M'FEE, formerly a member of the House of Representatives of this state, aged 38. On the 8th inst. Mr. GEORGE S. HAEFFER, aged 23. On Tuesday afternoon, SAMUEL, eldest son of William Canely, aged 24. On the 10th inst. WILLIAM PRIESTMAN, jun. aged 41. On Monday, the 9th inst. after a long and painful illness, Mrs. HESTER JESS. On Sunday evening last, after a severe illness, WALLACE HOOD, son of John M. Hood. On Wednesday evening, after a short illness, SARAH, daughter of William Hawle, Esq. On Thursday evening, after a lingering illness, Mr. JACOB SMITH, of N. Liberties, aged 70. On Saturday morning last, in Frankford, Mr. SAMUEL WAKELING, aged 50. On Thursday morning, Mr. BARNET RONEY, aged 50. At Benton, N. York, on the 31st ult. Mr. JOHN TREMPER, of Philadelphia, aged 33. At Camden, S. C. lately, Mr. DAVID BARTLING, of Philadelphia, aged 33. On the 1st inst. in Kent county, Md. Dr. WILLIAM J. CLARK, aged 26, son of Mr. Samuel Clark, of this city. At Holmesburg, on Wednesday, after a long illness, Mrs. JANE KESEY. At New Orleans, 9th ult. Mr. GEORGE F. D. PLESSIS, aged 23, formerly of Philadelphia. At Burlington, (N. J.) on the 2d inst. JOHN GEORGE ELLIS, of Philadelphia, aged 51.

The Members of the American Beneficial Society of Pennsylvania, the Pennsylvania Union Beneficial, the Penn Beneficial, and the Northern Liberties Beneficial Institution of Pennsylvania, are respectfully invited to attend the Funeral of their late fellow member, NICHOLAS MAGER, from his late residence, North Eighth, near Callowhill Street, to-morrow afternoon, at 4 o'clock. September 14, 1822.

Letter Bag at the Merchants' Coffee House. Ship Lancaster, Dux. Liverpool, Sept. 20.

PRICE CURRENT.

WHEAT FLOUR	\$6.75 a 7.00
RYE DO.	5.75
CORN MEAL	5.47 1/2
WHEAT IN GRAIN	\$17.50 a 18.00
RYE DO.	1.20
CORN DO.	.75
OATS DO.	.71
SHOOTS	.40

JOB PRINTING.

BANK Checks, Law Blanks, Prices Current, Commercial Blanks, Catalogues, Policies of Insurance, Circular Letters, Bills of Lading, Lottery Tickets, Lottery Bills, Cards, and Hand Bills of every description. Neatly executed at a short notice, on very reasonable terms. Atkinson & Alexander, No. 51 Market street.

Teeth One Dollar.

WILLIAMS performs every operation on the Teeth complete for \$1. Filing, extracting and plugging a single tooth, 25 cents, if plugged with gold, 50 cents. Williams fixes teeth in the mouth, warranted to give satisfaction, for \$1 50 a tooth. Williams gives information from the Italian, French, English and American authorities, calculated to insure good teeth for life. He also saves teeth in the same way his own were saved, the least painful of any of the English ways; there are three ways, by Hunter, Fox and Norton. B. WILLIAMS, Dentist, 161 Vine street, near Fifth.

GEORGE ALLCHIN,

BOOK-BINDER and GILDER on the edges of Books, Letter and Pilgrimage Paper. Paper backed on the edges for mourning, at No. 165 Vine street, third door above Fifth street, north side.—Where he continues to manufacture Back-mon Tables and Chess Boards. Orders from any part of the United States executed on reasonable terms. mar. 4—tf

PUBLIC SALES. BY COMLY & TEVIS, Auctioneers. No. 73 MARKET STREET.

On Wednesday morning, at 9 o'clock, on a parcel of 60 days, for approved notes, A large assortment of fresh imported and reasonable Dry Goods, in lots. Also, an extensive variety of Domestic Goods.

DRY GOODS.

On Saturday morning next, at 9 o'clock, will be sold, on a credit, An extensive assortment of DRY GOODS, suited to the season.

LYRICS,

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN, just Published, and for sale at the principal Book stores in this city, price 62 1/2 cents. sept 7—4f

To Merchants and others.

JONES & HARRISON,

Silk, Woollen, Cotton Dyers, Scourers, &c. No. 102 1/2 ARCH STREET. SOUTH SIDE, A FEW DOORS ABOVE FIFTH. BEG leave to inform their friends, customers and the public in general, that they have removed from No. 98 Union, to the old Dyeing establishment, No. 102 1/2 Arch street, and fitted it up in a manner that is now calculated to Dye, Restore, and retold Piece Goods of every description, equal to any other establishment in this city. They, therefore, respectfully solicit a share of public patronage, under the full assurance of being able to give the utmost satisfaction in the performance of their work. N. B. Black for mourning or any other family articles dyed to pattern, or cleaned at the shortest notice. A large lot from Paris, suitable for Soap boilers or Glue manufacturers, for Sale cheap. sept 14—4f

STORE TO LET.

THE Store situated at the South-West corner of Spruce and Second streets. Enquire on the premises. sept 14—4f

FOR SALE,

A QUANTITY of Bricklayers and Mason's Tools, the property of a person desiring business, which will be disposed of on reasonable terms, on application to JACOB S. CURTIS, in Ann street, between Schuylkill Sixth and Seventh streets. sept 14—4f

Commission Paper Warehouse,

No. 74 SOUTH SECOND STREET. PAPER of all descriptions, received on Commission, and advances made in anticipation of sales.—For further particulars enquire as above. HICKMAN & HAZZARD. sept 14—4f

MUSICAL GLASSES.

MR. RICHARDSON respectfully informs the public that he will give his second and third performances on the MUSICAL GLASSES, This Evening, the 14th inst. and on Monday Evening, the 16th, at the large room of the Washington Hall. Mrs. Richardson will sing a variety of favourite Songs;—and Miss Richardson, seven years of age, will sing Blue Bird Mary, Swann Dolly, and Come rest in this Room, accompanied on the Piano Forte. Tickets, 50 cents—Children, 25— to be had at Messrs. Blake & Willig's Music store, the Mansion house Hotel, and at the Hall on the evening of performance. For particulars see bills. sept 14—4f

VAUXHALL GRAND GALA.

SECOND EXHIBITION.

THE proprietors of Vauxhall, in consequence of the repeated applications of the citizens in Philadelphia, have been induced to give a second display of grand FIREWORKS, on Wednesday evening, 18th inst. under the immediate superintendence of Messrs. BROWN and MAHON, on occasion the Garden will be brilliantly illuminated and attended with a full band of Music. By permission of his honor the mayor, the exhibition will be announced by six rounds of Artillery. The representation of the ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA, which received general applause at the last exhibition at this garden, for the last time this season, owing to the very great expense attending it; those therefore who wish to witness this effort at imitating the grandeur of nature, will avail this only opportunity. Tickets may be had at Messrs. Biske's & Willig's stores, the Mansion House, Citizens Hotel, Merchants' Coffee House, Yule's Hotel, at the Burns Tavern, and at the Garden. Proper officers are employed to preserve order, inside and outside of the Garden. Ladies may rest assured that fires that would any way incommode the company, are not introduced. Particulars may be seen in advertisements of the day. Admittance 50 cents, children half price. sept 14—4f

15 DOLLARS REWARD.

STOLEN from the house of Samuel Brookes, last evening, about 10 or 11 o'clock, a LIGHT BAY HORSE, about 13 hands high, 10 years of age, no particular marks recollected, except that he cuts very much on his hind feet. Any person returning said horse to Samuel Brookes, in 2d street above Callowhill, sign of the Fox Chase, or to Richard Harris, sign of the Plough 3d street, above Market, shall receive ten dollars, and five dollars for the apprehension of the thief. Samuel Sykes. sept 14—4f

REMOVED.

MRS. SWALLOUS,

INFORMS her Patrons that she has REMOVED her CIRCULATING LIBRARY, to No. 115, SOUTH SECOND STREET, nearly opposite the Custom House—where she will be happy to serve them with all the newest and most approved works. Present price of Subscriptions \$5, per annum—\$2 1/2, half yearly—\$1 50, quarterly. July 20—4f

ATTENTION—National Guards.

A COMPLETE Uniform for sale cheap. Enquire at No. 26 Race street, aug 10—6f

PORTER, ALE and CIDER.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he continues to bottle PORTER, ALE and CIDER, of the choicest quality, for home consumption or exportation, at his stand No. 108 MARKET STREET, corner of Franklin Court, between Third and Fourth. JOHN C. RUHLMAN. may 25—6m

Impediments of Speech.

W. CHAPMAN, No. 187, Pine Street, Philadelphia, having cured himself and four gentlemen, of whom he can show the most satisfactory certificates and give reference to, is desirous of extending the like benefit to all persons troubled with Stuttering or Stammering. It is particularly requested that applications only be made between the hours of 6 and 7 in the morning and the same hours in the evening. All letters must be post paid. may 11—4f

